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THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THERE are few subjects on which there has been more difference of opinion—few, too, which have evoked more bitterness in controversy—than that on which we propose in this article to make some remarks. Many of our readers will be aware that the term "Music of the Future" has been adopted by the composers of the new German school as their watch-word, while it is applied ironically and as a sneer by their adversaries. The former say, "Just as Beethoven's works were not appreciated till long after their production, because they were in advance of their age, so it is with ours. Fifty years hence they will be understood." Their adversaries retort, "It may well be called Music of the Future; it certainly is not Music for the Present!" Much may be said on both sides of the question; and our object in this article is first to name a few of the salient characteristics of this school, and then to point out some of the difficulties in the way of coming to a final conclusion about its merits, and its future prospects.

Among the most prominent of the "Musicians of the Future" are Richard Wagner, Johannes Brahms, Franz Liszt, and Anton Rubinstein. To these some critics would add Robert Schumann. Of those just mentioned, Wagner undoubtedly occupies the most conspicuous place. It would be superfluous to enumerate his chief works; they are familiar, at least by name, to all musicians. It is, however, less generally known that Wagner is not only a composer, but an author of no mean ability, and that he has published various works, "Art and Revolution," "The Art-work of the Future," "Opera and Drama," &c., in support of his theories. Liszt also has taken up the cudgels vigorously on behalf of his friend. It is difficult within the limits of one article to give a complete and intelligible abstract of Wagner's views. He looks upon the works of the great masters of the past as so much "absolute" music—that is, music independent of every other branch of art; and he considers that they have had their day, and are now outgrown. His idea of the opera is that it should be a work in which poetry, music, the dance, and painting are to be of equal importance, and to form one homogeneous whole. Every changing sentiment and emotion must be expressed with, as far as possible, literal truth. To attain this end, thematic development is to a great extent sacrificed; and his operas—the later ones especially, in which his theories are most fully illustrated—become more like a series of brilliant musical dissolving views, or like one elaborate fantasia for voices and instruments, than what we have been accustomed to expect in this class of composition. Accompanied recitative forms a large portion of his more recent works, and of regularly developed airs, duets, quartets, &c., there are comparatively but few examples. Of his great talent—nay, his genius—there can, we think, be no question; of his probable influence on the future of art, it is too early at present to speak with any confidence.

If Wagner may be taken as the representative of the Music of the Future in its dramatic phase, Brahms, Liszt, and Rubinstein may be considered as among its chief ex-

ponents in the more general domain of vocal and instrumental composition. One of the chief characteristics of these writers is their earnest striving after originality. This tendency is sometimes carried so far as to involve the sacrifice of musical beauty. Rather than not be new, their ideas will even be ugly. It is probably this constant striving after novelty which has caused Schumann to be included by many among the composers of the Future; for though in other things he differed widely from the writers of whom we are now speaking, in this respect he resembled them. Another distinctive feature of this school is the extreme, sometimes undue, length of development, not to say diffuseness, which marks its compositions, especially in instrumental music. The ideas are presented in every possible form, and the episodes are frequently more important than the first subjects. Hence musical unity, as it was formerly understood, is to a considerable extent wanting; and in its place we have, as also in Wagner's operas, a series of thoughts often apparently but slightly connected, though frequently in themselves interesting, and even charming.

The question then forces itself upon our notice, Is this new movement in music a forward or a retrograde one? To this question we think it is presumptuous at present to attempt to give a decided answer. Time alone will show. It is most important to remember that the progress of art has ever been towards fresh discoveries, and to development in new directions. A century ago Haydn's works were looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of music, and Mozart was censured by the critics of the day for his daring innovations. Even more remarkable was the outcry raised by Beethoven's compositions at the beginning of the present century. When we find the principal musical journal of the day (the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for 1799) speaking of Beethoven's three sonatas, Op. 12, now considered among his simplest and most intelligible works, in these terms—"If Beethoven would only restrain himself more, and write naturally, he might with his talent and industry accomplish something really good"—and remember, too, that this criticism expressed the general opinion of the time, we may well pause before condemning works merely because they differ from those that have preceded them. It is quite possible that a musical journal of the next century may write, "It is perfectly unintelligible to us how such works as those of Wagner, Liszt, and Brahms, now considered models of simple purity, could have been regarded at the time of their production as monstrous incoherencies." A striking instance, moreover, of the progress of musical thought is to be seen in the change of public opinion with respect to Robert Schumann. Twenty years ago he was almost universally regarded—as he still is by some—as one of the most abstruse and unintelligible of the musicians of the future. Thanks, however, to the persistence of the few who understood and admired him, his music has made its way, and he is now beginning to be generally appreciated, even in this our musically conservative country. May it not perhaps be the same hereafter with other composers? Everything that is strikingly original requires time before it can be properly understood. Thomas Carlyle's writings on their first appearance were called "a mass of clotted nonsense." Now he is justly ranked among our greatest authors. It was the same with Beethoven. Will the turn of the musicians of the Future come also? It is impossible to say: our point of view is not yet sufficiently removed to enable us accurately to measure their real stature. Meanwhile it behoves us not to be hasty in condemnation, lest hereafter we be exposed to the same charge of intellectual blindness to which the musical critics of the last century laid themselves open.

THE SYMPHONIES OF BEETHOVEN.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

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4. THE SYMPHONY IN B FLAT.

HERE Beethoven entirely abandons the ode and the elegy, to return to the style, less elevated and less sombre, but not less difficult perhaps, of the second symphony. The style of this score is generally lively, alert, gay, or of a celestial sweetness. If we except the meditative *adagio* which serves as its introduction, the first movement is almost entirely consecrated to joy. The subject in detached notes with which the *allegro* opens is only a canvas on which the author afterwards spreads other more real melodies, which thus render merely accessory the apparently principal idea of the commencement.

This artifice, though fruitful in curious and interesting results, had been already employed by Mozart and Haydn with equally happy effect. But we find in the second part of the same *allegro* an idea really new, the first bars of which captivate the attention, and which, after having excited the minds of the audience by its mysterious developments, strikes them with astonishment by its unexpected conclusion. This is in what it consists: After a very vigorous *tutti* the first violins, with fragments of the first theme, hold a playful dialogue, *pianissimo*, with the seconds, which ends in holding notes of the dominant seventh of the key of B minor; each of these holding notes is divided by two bars of silence, filled up only by a light roll of the drum on B flat, the enharmonic major third of the fundamental F sharp. After two apparitions of this nature, the drums are silent, to allow the stringed instruments to murmur softly other fragments of the theme, and arrive, by a new enharmonic modulation, on the chord of the sixth and fourth of B flat. The drums re-entering then on the same note, which, instead of being a leading note as the first time, is now a veritable tonic, continue the tremolo for twenty bars. The force of tonality of this B flat, hardly perceptible at the beginning, becomes greater and greater as the tremolo is prolonged. Then the other instruments, strewing with little unfinished passages their progressive march, arrive with the continual muttering of the drum at a general *forte*, where the perfect chord of B flat is established at last by the full orchestra in all its majesty. This astonishing *crescendo* is one of the finest inventions that we know in music: one can hardly find a companion to it, save in that which finishes the celebrated *scherzo* of the symphony in c minor. Still this last, in spite of its immense effect, is conceived on a less vast scale, starting from a *piano* to arrive at the final explosion, without leaving the principal key; while that whose march we have just described begins *mezzo-forte*, goes and loses itself for a moment in a *pianissimo* under harmonies whose colour is constantly vague and undecided, then reappears with chords of a more fixed tonality, and only bursts forth at the moment when the cloud that veiled this modulation is completely dispersed. We might say it was a river whose peaceful waters suddenly disappear, and only emerge from their subterranean bed to fall noisily in a foaming cascade.

As for the *adagio*, it cannot be analysed. It is so pure in form, the expression of the melody is so angelic, and of such irresistible tenderness, that the prodigious art of the workmanship entirely disappears. We are seized from the first bars with an emotion which toward the end becomes overwhelming by its intensity; and it is only in the works of one of the giants of poetry that we can find a suitable comparison for this sublime page of the giant of music. Nothing, in fact, resembles more the impression produced by this *adagio* than that experienced in

reading the touching episode of Francesca di Rimini in the "Divina Commedia," the recital of which Virgil could not hear without sobs, and which at the last verse makes Dante "fall as a dead body falls." This movement might have been sighed by the archangel Michael, one day when, seized with a fit of melancholy, he contemplated the worlds as he stood on the edge of the empyrean.

The *scherzo* consists almost entirely of rhythmical phrases in common time forced to enter into combinations of bars of triple. This means, which Beethoven has frequently used, gives much verve to the style; the melodic periods become thereby more piquant, more unexpected; and, besides, these rhythms crossing the time have in themselves a charm very real, though difficult to explain. We feel a pleasure in seeing the time that is thus pounded about find itself whole at the end of each period; and the sense of the musical discourse, for some time suspended, arrives nevertheless at a satisfactory conclusion, at a complete solution. The melody of the trio, entrusted to the wind instruments, is of a delicious freshness; the time is slower than that of the rest of the *scherzo*, and its simplicity stands out with still more elegance from the opposition of the little phrases that the violins throw around the harmony, like so many charming provocations. The *finale*, gay and frisky, returns to the ordinary rhythmical forms. It consists of a clatter of sparkling notes, of a continual chattering, interrupted however by some harsh and savage chords, in which the choleric freaks that we have already had occasion to notice in the author show themselves again.

5. THE SYMPHONY IN C MINOR,

which is incontestably the most celebrated of all, is also, to our thinking, the first in which Beethoven has given play to his vast imagination, without taking for guide or for support a foreign thought. In the first, second, and fourth symphonies he has more or less enlarged forms already known, giving poetry to them by all the brilliant or passionate inspirations that his vigorous youth could add. In the third (the "Eroica") the form has a tendency to enlarge, it is true, and the thought rises to a great height; but yet we cannot fail to perceive the influence of one of those divine poets to whom, long since, the great artist had raised a temple in his heart. Beethoven, faithful to the precept of Horace,

"Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ,"

read Homer habitually, and in his magnificent musical epic, that has been said, rightly or wrongly, to have been inspired by a modern hero, recollections of the ancient "Iliad" play a part admirably fine, but not less evident.

The symphony in C minor, on the contrary, seems to us to emanate directly and solely from the genius of Beethoven. It is his inmost thought that he is going to develop in it; his secret griefs, his concentrated rages, his reveries full of such sad heaviness, his nocturnal visions, his bursts of enthusiasm will furnish his subject; and the forms of the melody, harmony, rhythm, and instrumentation will show themselves as essentially individual and new as endowed with power and nobleness.

The first movement is dedicated to the painting of the disordered feelings which overthrow a great soul when a prey to despair—not that concentrated, calm despair which borrows the appearance of resignation; not that sombre and dumb sorrow of Romeo learning of the death of Juliet, but rather the terrible fury of Othello receiving from the mouth of Iago the poisoned calumnies which persuade him of the crime of Desdemona. It is now a frantic delirium which breaks forth in frightful cries; now an excessive depression which has only accents of regret,

and bewails itself. Listen to those hiccups of the orchestra, those chords in dialogue between wind and stringed instruments, which come and go, always growing weaker, like the painful respiration of a dying man, then give place to a phrase full of violence, in which the orchestra seems to rally, animated by a flash of fury; see that shuddering mass hesitate for a moment, and then precipitate itself entire, divided into two burning unisons, like two streams of lava, and say if this passionate style is not outside and above all that had been produced before in instrumental music.

We find in this movement a striking example of the effect produced by the excessive doubling of the parts in certain circumstances, and of the savage aspect of the chord of the fourth on the second note of the scale; in other words, of the second inversion of the chord of the dominant. We meet it frequently without preparation or resolution, and once even without the leading note, and on a pedal point, the D being found below in all the stringed instruments, while the G, all alone, makes a dissonance above in some parts of the wind instruments.

The *adagio* presents some features of resemblance in its character to the *allegretto* in A minor of the seventh symphony, and the *adagio* in E flat of the fourth. It partakes equally of the melancholy gravity of the first, and the touching grace of the second. The theme given out at first by the violoncellos and tenors in unison, with a simple accompaniment of double-basses *pizzicato*, is followed by a phrase for wind instruments, which returns constantly the same, and in the same key, from one end of the movement to the other, whatever be the modifications undergone successively by the principal theme. This persistence of the same phrase in presenting itself always in its so profoundly sad simplicity, produces by degrees on the mind of the audience an impression that cannot be described, and which is certainly the most vivid that we have experienced of this nature. Among the most daring harmonic effects of this sublime elegy, we will cite, first, the holding note of flutes and clarionets above on the dominant E flat, while the stringed instruments move about below, passing the chord of the sixth D flat, F, B flat, of which the upper holding note does not form a part; secondly, the incidental phrase executed by one flute, one oboe, and two clarionets, which move in contrary motion, so as to produce from time to time unprepared dissonances of the second between the G, the leading note, and the F, the major sixth of A flat. This third inversion of the chord of the seventh on the leading note is forbidden, like the inverted pedal we have just mentioned, by most of the theorists; but it none the less produces a delicious effect. There is, again, at the last return of the principal subject, a canon in unison at one bar's distance between the violins, and the flutes clarionets and bassoons, which would give the melody thus treated a new interest, if it were possible to hear the imitation for the wind instruments; unfortunately, the full orchestra plays *forte* at the same moment, and renders it almost inaudible.

The *scherso* is a strange composition, the first bars of which, though they have nothing terrible in them, cause that inexplicable emotion that one feels under the magnetic glance of certain individuals. All here is mysterious and sombre; the play of the instrumentation, of an aspect more or less sinister, seems to belong to the order of ideas which created the famous scene of the Blocksberg in Goethe's *Faust*. The nuances of *piano* and *mezzo-forte* predominate. The middle (the trio) is occupied by a passage for the basses, performed with all the force of the bows, the heavy roughness of which makes the desks of the orchestra tremble on their feet, and is much like

the gambols of an elephant when merry. . . . But the monster goes off, and the noise of his mad chase dies away by degrees. The subject of the *scherso* reappears *pizzicato*; silence is gradually restored, we hear nothing but a few notes lightly twitched by the violins, and the strange little cluckings that the bassoons produce, giving the high A flat, struck very close by the G, octave of the fundamental sound of the dominant minor ninth; then, breaking the cadence, the strings softly take with the bow the chord of A flat, and go to sleep holding it. The drums alone maintain the rhythm, by striking with sticks covered with sponge light blows, indistinctly delineated above the general stagnation of the rest of the orchestra. These notes of the drums are C; the key of the movement is C minor; but the chord of A flat, long sustained by the other instruments, seems to introduce a different tonality; on its side, the isolated hammering of the drum on C tends to preserve the feeling of the original key. The ear hesitates—we do not know how this mystery of harmony will turn out—when the dull pulsations of the drums, increasing by degrees in intensity, arrive with the violins, which have resumed movement, and changed their harmony, at the chord of the dominant seventh, G, B, D, F, in the middle of which the drums obstinately roll their tonic C; the full orchestra, aided by the trombones, which have not yet appeared, breaks forth then in the major mode with the theme of a triumphal march, and the *finale* begins. One knows the effect of this thunderbolt; it is useless to talk of it to the reader.

Criticism has, notwithstanding, attempted to attenuate the merit of the author by affirming that he had only employed a vulgar method of procedure, the brilliancy of the major mode succeeding with pomp to the obscurity of a *pianissimo* minor; and that the interest continues to diminish till the end, instead of following the contrary progression. We will answer: Did it require less genius to create such a work because the passage from *piano* to *forte*, and from the minor to the major, were already known? How many other composers have wished to employ the same resource? and in what can the result that they have obtained be compared to the gigantic song of victory in which the soul of the poet-musician, free henceforth from earthly trammels and sufferings, seems to soar radiant towards the skies? The first four bars of the theme are not, it is true, of great originality; but the forms of the fanfare are naturally limited, and we do not believe that it is possible to find new ones, without departing altogether from the simple, grandiose, and pompous character which belongs to it. Beethoven, too, has only wished for a fanfare for the commencement of his *finale*, and he very soon recovers in the rest of the movement, and even in the continuation of the principal phrase, that elevation and that novelty of style which never abandon him. As to the reproach of not having increased the interest to the close, this is what we might say: Music cannot, at least in the state in which we know it, produce an effect more violent than that of the transition from the *scherso* to the triumphal march; it was therefore impossible to increase it as he advanced.

To sustain himself at such a height is already a prodigious effort; yet, in spite of the amplitude of the developments in which he has indulged, Beethoven has been able to do this. But this very equality between the commencement and the end is sufficient to make us imagine a decrease, because of the terrible shock that the organs of the audience receive at the opening, and which, raising the nervous emotion to its highest paroxysm, renders it more difficult the moment after. In a long row of columns of the same height, an optical illusion makes the more distant appear smaller. Perhaps our feeble organisation

would accommodate itself better to a more laconic peroration, like the "Notre général vous rappelle" of Gluck; the audience thus would not have time to grow cold, and the symphony would finish before fatigue had rendered it impossible to follow the author further. At any rate, this observation only bears, so to speak, on the *mise-en-scène* of the work, and does not prevent this *finale* from being in itself of a magnificence and richness by the side of which very few pieces could appear without being crushed.

(To be continued.)

FLY-LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

I. ON PRACTISING.

It is a thoroughly wrong notion that a celebrated and experienced teacher is sufficient to ensure satisfactory progress with a pupil. Such a one may, undoubtedly, shorten and simplify to a great extent the study of the young musician; but a great, a very great deal must be done by the pupil himself. The process of teaching and learning might be compared to a couple of horses attached to a carriage. If both horses pull and draw well together the carriage will run smoothly and comfortably, and will cover a great deal of ground. It may, perhaps, not be uninteresting to peruse the experiences of a musician who has been teaching for thirty years. The relations between the teacher and the pupil are clear and simple enough. The *master* points out the distant goal which has to be reached; the *pupil*, by his working and practising, tries to gain the indicated points. It is undeniable that some pupils expect too much to be done by the teacher. Some would even like him to practise for them, or would not mind making him responsible for their want of progress. The teacher can only explain, advise; he can point out mistakes, he can show the means of realising a theoretical rule, but he cannot practise for the pupil. The student should, above all, try to work out all the hints thrown out by the master, and to observe strictly all remarks which experience and talent dictate to him.

It is necessary that both parties meet with perfect mutual confidence. Cordiality ought to be the leading feature of the teacher; confidence and complete *trust* in the teacher ought to be returned by the pupil. An honest teacher will ask himself whether the fault the pupil makes is not his own—we mean brought on by his having forgotten to show and explain it to the student. On the other side, the pupil ought never to think that it is a mistake or failing *not* to know a rule; a false sense of modesty sometimes prevents young people asking their teacher for explanation, or confessing that a single explanation was not sufficient. The teacher will not be bored by repeated questions; on the contrary, he will be *pleased* as he recognises in the desire to be taught the unmistakable sign of *interest*. Sometimes the teacher supposes that the pupil is acquainted with all the chief terms of expression. This knowledge is but seldom possessed. Pupils play sonatas without having the slightest notion what the word "sonata" means. But very few young students are aware of the difference between an *adagio* and an *andante*—a *larghetto* and *allegretto*—of the sense of *rinsforzando*, *estinto*, *tempo giusto*, &c. &c. Very often they confound a *diminuendo* with a *ritardando*; indeed one is astonished to find, when examining the pupil closely, how few of the most frequent expressions are understood. A very good plan is to prevail on the pupil to write down every explained term after the lesson—a little dictionary is soon formed, and by writing it down *oneself* it is impressed for a long time on the memory.

It happens sometimes that a pupil is physically tired in a lesson—a little rest is necessary; such rests cannot be employed more advantageously than by talking over these matters. All the different forms of music might be touched upon—it will be found that the pupil takes an interest in it, and that he soon feels the importance attached to the performance of a sonata of Beethoven or a fugue of Bach.

It is highly essential to direct the student's attention to the proper mode of practising. For this purpose it is a capital plan to devote one lesson entirely to the practice—we mean that the teacher practises together with the pupil. A pupil may devote ten hours' practice to a certain piece, without deriving the advantage a single hour's study would afford, when employed in a systematic, well-regulated, orderly way. And it is the system, the order,—the teacher has to show and to explain. It is but seldom that pupils possess an instinctive talent for practising well; some students have a practical eye for discerning the best, surest, and shortest way to overcome difficulties—but such persons are merely an exception to the rule. It is of the greatest importance that the teacher helps the student to fix at once the *best*, and at the same time the most practical fingering. The experienced teacher will of course consult his pupil's hand, and by this help him to overcome otherwise great obstacles.

Should the piece prove *very* difficult, it will be found very useful to *divide* it into several parts; if all these parts are so complicated that the student becomes rather disheartened at the remote prospect of final success, it is a good plan to play the whole piece over to the pupil. By this the interest and encouragement to learn it is raised and enlivened, and the listening to the whole effect makes the pupil set heartily and cheerfully to work to reach the goal.

The student ought to try to amalgamate, so to say, his own individual feeling with the task before him. In both an intellectual and a technical sense, the piece ought to be identified with the performer. To attain this end a certain sympathetic relation is indispensable. Such relation may be both an *interior* and an *exterior* one. The *intellectual* quality of the piece must be understood by the pupil—at least, a certain interest ought to be awakened by playing such a piece. To attain this end the teacher will be careful and considerate in his choice, and will consult more or less the personal taste of his pupil. If there is difficulty in understanding the sense of the whole piece, a repeated playing it over for the sake of the pupil is the best way to lead to a just appreciation.

The *exterior* quality of a piece, consisting solely of the technical side, ought to be within the reach of the pupil. Such things are somewhat like our own physical progress; we walk safer step by step only—a jump is highly dangerous for the unpractised, and can easily lead to a fall. It is *bad* to practise continually *too easy* pieces; both mind and body relax through it, and when again attempting a more difficult task, a failing of energy, a certain discouragement will be perceptible. Quite as dangerous is it to play too difficult pieces. This again leads to neglecting the beauty of the style of playing, and also towards an exaggeration of the technical execution, and finally to an inability to play easier pieces clearly and well.

The safest way to learn a piece thoroughly well is decidedly to play it over from the beginning to the end slowly, so as to become acquainted with its proportions, with its structure, and also with its beauties. If this has been done the pupil will soon find out the most difficult passages. These ought to be attacked *first*. A complete analysis of them has to be made; the organic structure of the hand has to be consulted, so as to find the best,

most practical, and surest fingering. It is a good plan to note down with pencil different ways of fingering. By this process the student will soon find out the most *suited*. When the passage has been conquered and its execution has become clear, easy and fluent, it is desirable to go back some twenty or thirty bars, so as to amalgamate or combine it with the other parts. Passages which are less difficult will be found comparatively easy, and the pupil will be able to play them with expression and with a certain freedom. If this point has been gained, the desire to play the most difficult passage also with freedom and expression comes by itself. No passage sounds well or effective if it is not played with ease, freedom, and expression; otherwise it sinks to the level of a merely mechanical movement, which is devoid of interest and becomes tiresome.

Great importance ought to be laid on the rhythmical qualities of a piece. Rhythm is the soul of music; it forms, in fact, the greater part of the effect. If the rhythmical expression is correct and good, the piece will be full of life and energy. Most rhythmical figures are *staccato*. For this reason *staccato* passages ought to be practised with the greatest accuracy, attention, and precision. The chief features of musical expression are the *legato* and *staccato*, *forte* and *piano*. If these characteristic means of expression are observed from the very beginning, the piece becomes lively, animated, and interesting. All further refinements, the different gradations of *legato* and *staccato*, *forte* and *piano*, may be kept back for a little while. The chief and essential point for the beginning is decidedly correctness of playing and observance of the *chief* expression. The last polish and finish will come later, and with a talented person quite by itself.

Among the most common shortcomings or failings of amateurs, when compared with artists, will be found a certain unevenness, one might almost say a spasmodic expression. Whence comes this failing? Merely from an insufficient practice of the scales. Young people are but rarely fond of practising their scales; indeed it is very rare to meet with a student who is able to play correctly and fluently all the major and minor scales in thirds, sixths, octaves, and tenths. The scale is the foundation of the whole musical system. Scarcely a passage exists in the whole wide range of our pianoforte literature which could not be traced to the scale. Chords are but an interrupted or broken scale. All that Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., wrote rests on the scale. For this reason a daily practise of the scale is quite indispensable. The chief reason of a defective, wavering fingering is the not sufficiently knowing the scales. Passages which are difficult in both hands at the same time, are best practised with each hand singly. It is better to begin with the *left* hand; being the weaker one it requires more rest to regain its elasticity and strength. If each hand can perform the passage clearly and with fluency, we may attempt to try both hands together—at first slowly and with undivided attention. It is good to dwell a little on the most complicated parts; also to play these bars a little louder than others. By this we gain roundness and distinctness of tone. Above all, coolness of temper is essential for practising. To become passionate, angry, or disheartened is the very worst thing for any one who learns. It happens frequently that a passage, after having been played very often, seems to go worse than at first. This is a sure sign that our intellectual faculties are tired. Sometimes a less effective execution arises also from a relaxation of the muscles. In both instances a rest of a few minutes is desirable. We need not lose time with such a rest; we may (and this is even a great pleasure) peruse the piece with the eye, and it is decidedly desirable

to practise our eye to such an extent, that the effect of a piece may be discerned by simply reading it.

(To be continued.)

E. P.—R.

INCIDENTS OF FRANZ LISZT'S YOUTH.

COMMUNICATED BY C. F. POHL.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE MUNICH PROPYLÄEN, 1869.)

THE pianist Carl Czerny, who died at Vienna on the 15th of July, 1857, has left us a very attractively written autobiography. An interesting section of it speaks especially of his relation to Franz Liszt, who, when a boy of eight years, was presented by his father to the famous master with the request to accept him as pupil; to which Czerny, perceiving at once the immense talent of the boy, agreed. Liszt's coming to Czerny, and the method of teaching he adopted, the experienced master relates in his simple but truth-loving style in the following lines:—

In the year 1819, shortly after Belleville (Czerny had undertaken to teach music, in the year 1816, to the ten-year-old Ninetta Belleville, "one of the rarest musical talents," and she lived at the same time with Czerny's parents) had left us, one morning a gentleman came with a little boy of about eight years, and asked me to let the little one play something on the piano. He was a pale, weakly-looking child, and in playing he reeled on the chair as if drunk, so that I often thought he would fall down. Also his playing was quite irregular, indistinct, and confused; and of fingering he had so little idea, that he threw his fingers over the keys quite *ad libitum*. But, nevertheless, I was astonished at the talent with which nature had favoured him. He played several things I put before him at sight—true, as a self-taught player, but for this very reason in such a manner, that one could see nature itself had formed a pianist. The same was shown when, fulfilling the desire of his father, I gave him a theme on which to extemporise. Without the least knowledge of harmony, he put a certain genial spirit into his performance.

The father told me that his name was Liszt, that he was a subordinate official of Prince Esterhazy; up till now he had instructed his son himself, but he would beg of me to take his little Franz under my care, when he came to Vienna next year.

I agreed to this readily, and gave him at the same time hints as to the manner in which he was to further the progress of the boy in the meantime, by showing him scale exercises, &c. About a year later, Liszt came with his son to Vienna, took lodgings in the same street in which we lived (in the Kruger Strasse); and I devoted to the boy, having no time during the day, nearly every evening.

Never had I such a zealous, genial, and industrious pupil. As I knew, from long experience, that just such a genius, where the intellectual gifts are generally in advance of the physical powers, is likely, as a rule, to neglect the fundamental technical studies, it appeared to me to be necessary, before everything else, to employ the first months in regulating and fixing his mechanical accuracy in such a way that it could not go wrong in later years.

In a short time he played the scales in all keys with all the masterly fluency which his fingers, so favourably formed for piano-playing, made possible; and by an earnest study of Clementi's Sonatas (which will always remain the best school for pianists, if they know how to practise them according to his intention), I accustomed him to strict accuracy of time, in which he had been quite wanting till then; further, to a fine touch and tone, correct fingering, and true musical declamation; although those

compositions appeared at first rather dry to the lively and always merry boy.

This method had the effect that, when a few months later we took works by Hummel, Ries, Moscheles, and afterwards Beethoven and Bach, I had no occasion to trouble much about the mechanical rules, but could lead him at once to the apprehension of the spirit and character of the different authors. As he had to learn every piece very quickly, he acquired the faculty of playing at sight at last to such a degree, that he was able to play even difficult compositions of importance *publicly* at sight, just as if he had studied them for a long time. I also endeavoured to accustom him to extempore playing, by him frequently themes to improvise upon.

The unchanging liveliness and good temper of little Liszt, as well as the extraordinary development of his talent, caused my parents to love him as a son, and myself to love him as a brother. I not only instructed him gratuitously, but also furnished him with all the necessary music, which comprised pretty well everything good and useful published up to that time. A year later I could already let him play in public, and he excited an enthusiasm in Vienna such as but few artists created. In the next year his father gave public concerts with him for his own benefit, in which the boy played the, at that time, quite new concertos by Hummel in A minor and B minor, Moscheles' variations, Hummel's septett, the concertos by Ries, and many of my compositions, and also improvised each time on themes given to him by the public. People at that time were, indeed, not wrong if they thought to see in him a second Mozart.

Unfortunately his father wished to reap great pecuniary advantages through him, and at the time the boy was studying his best, and I had just begun to instruct him in composition, he went on journeys, first to Hungary, and lastly to Paris and London, &c., where he, as all the papers of that time testify, excited the greatest attention. At Paris, where he settled with his parents, he made a great deal of money, but lost many years, because his life and his art were taking a false direction. When, sixteen years later, I came to Paris (1837), I found his playing in every respect rather confused and wild, notwithstanding his tremendous execution. I thought I could not give him better counsel than to make travels through Europe; and when he came to Vienna, a year later, his genius took a new flight. Under the boundless applause of our fine-feeling public, his playing soon acquired that brilliant, and at the same time clear style, through which he is now so famous all over the world. But I am convinced that if he had continued the studies of his youth for a few years in Vienna, he would now in his compositions also justify all the high expectations which were then rightly formed of him.

II.

Closely connected with the foregoing chapter of Czerny's autobiography, six correctly copied letters* from Liszt's father addressed from Augsburg, Paris, and London to Carl Czerny, are here published for the first time. They depict to us in lively and, at the same time, true colours the results of these first extensive travels of the artist of twelve years.

FIRST LETTER.†

AUGSBURG, 2nd Nov., 1823.

ESTEEMED SIR,—We safely arrived on the even-

* The originals are in possession of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde at Vienna.

† The translator has endeavoured to keep as close as possible to the original, which will account for many inelegancies of expression. The making use of such terms as "kissing the hand," and putting the title "son" before the name, are customary forms of Austrian politeness.

ing of 26th of September at Munich, and left there on the 28th of October. The reasons why we stayed for such a long time there were, firstly, that Herr Moscheles arrived there before us; secondly, the occurrence of the brilliantly celebrated October Festival; and thirdly, because Moscheles delayed his concert. Of the success of this concert the enclosure will inform you. We gave our first concert on the 17th of October, and as we were not known it was not very well attended. However, we had the honour that the kindest of kings and the princesses came. The applause was immense, and I was asked immediately to give a second concert, which took place on the 24th. Here I will only briefly mention that it would have been desirable that at the first concert the public had been as numerous as the people who had to leave this time for want of space, and at last we were compelled to refuse money. A few enclosures will show the applause Zizy* earned. Little as we had to do in the beginning, after the first concert we became busy, and were honoured from all sides by flattering proposals. For the third time, after pressing demands of the directors, I let Franz appear in the concert of the two violinists Ebner in the Royal Theatre, where, amongst other things, giving way to a generally expressed desire, he had to repeat your variations in E flat, with orchestra. However, we had no share of the proceeds, but established a never-dying fame, and even the good king said, "It is very good of you to have assisted those two."

We had twice the high honour to have audience of the best of kings, and were received with distinguished grace and kindness.

On the first occasion the king said, "And you, little one, had the courage to appear after Moscheles?" When we were about to leave the good king said, "Come here, little one, I must kiss you," and did it. I had tears in my eyes. At the king's orders, letters of recommendation for Strasburg and Paris were written, and some of them handed over to us; we may expect to be well received. In the concert bills I had inserted "Pupil of Karl Czerny," and everybody seemed to be pleased, and had the desire to become acquainted with this excellent master. From different parties I was asked whether Herr von Czerny had more of such pupils. I gave them the answer, that if pupils were possessed of talent and diligence they might attain the same degree of virtuosity under your thorough and sage tuition. At Augsburg we arrived on the evening of the 28th of October, and already on the 30th we gave a little concert, which had been arranged at Munich. On the 1st of November he played at the Harmonic Society. The applause is general wherever we go, and we feel already quite at home in Augsburg. To-day Zizy is going to play, gratuitously, in a concert for the benefit of some burned-out people, and to-morrow we go on to Stuttgart. Although travelling and hotel expenses, especially wine, are very dear, I have, after deducting all expenses, up till now made a clear profit of 921 florins. About as much again we might have, if I had not to see that we strive for reputation, by doing good to others. Together with wife and child we kiss your hands with the greatest thankfulness for the good work you have done to our child. Never will you disappear from our eternally grateful hearts, because we have only you to thank for all this. Our greetings and kisses without end to your good and kind parents; daily, and almost hourly, our talk is about you and your parents. Shortly they will receive a letter from Zizy; he is industrious, and is writing a description of our journey for you, which he commenced directly on the first day we left Vienna, and

* Zizy, a pet diminutive for Franz.

continues diligently. Of special interest to you may be his diary; he keeps it very industriously, and intends to present it to you on his return. Here as in Vienna, experience shows that only excellent artists are likely to make their fortune. Concerts are everywhere plentiful enough, and music is played and loved passionately, particularly the piano; but with the exception of Mahir (M^{de}me. Anna Laura Sick, known to the world under her family name of Mahir—an excellent pianist, born on the 10th of July, 1803, at Munich), at Munich we have not heard any distinguished player. In all probability you will have to receive a few pupils from these parts, who intend soon to come to Vienna and take lessons from you. Your compositions are very much esteemed here, and whenever Franz is in company he must play works of yours. You would do very well, and find a true pleasure, if you were to pay a visit to the towns Munich and Augsburg, not only on account of music, but also because of other wonderful objects to be seen in great numbers. Everybody is well educated here, and knows how to appreciate merit. Often we have visited M—, but to me it appears as if her playing had not improved, although she works, composes, and philosophises untiringly. It would be better if ladies left the latter alone. On one occasion she is said to have extemporised, and made the public laugh.

The orchestra at Munich is excellent, and I have never heard a better one. The gentlemen are also very obliging. The B minor concerto by Hummel was done to perfection, and left nothing to be desired. Only a pity that the theatre is too small.

Moscheles has outlived his fame at Munich; one does not speak of him with due esteem. I, for my part, must say that he played his concerto unsurpassably; but his fantasia was empty, and I cannot call it a fantasia at all. He has also lost much in esteem because he doubled his prices of admission.

Pardon me for the great length of my letter, and also for adding some requests, namely, to keep us kindly in memory, and not to forget to send us the promised concerto of your composition to Paris. Although I intend to trouble you with a letter from Strasburg, only when we stay at Paris I shall give you my address. God grant that what I have heard about Salieri is not true, and for all that I should not like to be always in doubt, and pray you therefore to let me have an explanation about it at Paris. (At that time it was said that Hofkapellmeister Salieri had, when in old age he became weak-minded, accused himself of having poisoned Mozart. Antonio Salieri died shortly afterwards, on the 7th of May, in his seventy-fifth year.) Again I beg you to keep me and mine kindly in memory, and remain, &c.,

LISZT.

(The son added the following lines:)

MY BEST HERR VON CZERNY,—I am in good health, and up till now everything goes well with me; I kiss your and your mother's hands, and remain as usual,—Your ever grateful Zisi,

FRANZ LISZT.

(To be continued.)

VIOLETTA.

(TRANSLATED FROM ELISE POLKO'S "MUSIKALISCHE MÄHRCHEN.")

"Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich, und unbekannt,
Es war ein herziges Veilchen."

A FEW hours' journey from Vienna lies a little village, whose name I have forgotten; but I think that matters not, for there is but one such charming hamlet in the whole world. A chapel stands on the rising ground; wild roses and ivy climb up its grey walls; and the white, neat, low

houses, like pious worshippers, look thick toward the windows of the little church from the thick copse-wood. The whole of the peaceful little place is surrounded by old tall lime and chestnut trees.

But the cantor's house in the village was the loveliest of all; it lay apart from the other houses, and equally buried in flowers. The old cantor tended these flowers as his life's highest joy; and in the midst of all these roses, violets, lilies, and tulips was the fairest flower grown up—his little daughter Violetta. The faithful partner of his life he buried when his child had reached her sixth year; that had indeed been the greatest sorrow of his life, which else had flowed on as peacefully and quietly as a streamlet. But he had aiso ever at his side a wonderful, mighty comforter, who raised him with gentle hand above every discomfort, every trouble; who took him tenderly in her arms when his faithful wife closed her eyes. This comforter was called *Music*, and was in fact the only mistress of his heart, loved with passionate devotion.

Another valuable treasure he kept in the corner of his sitting-room—an old spinet; and it was here that the cantor communed with the spirits of Bach and Handel, held converse with the old Italian masters, and in his happiness explored the magic kingdoms which they opened before him.

Violetta found, indeed, that these conversations did not always sound particularly beautiful; the spinet often rattled and buzzed meanwhile in a wonderful manner, and her father's fingers, too, would sometimes not come quickly enough to the right place; but she took good care not to say so, and sat by him quite still and amiable, with her work. When the player at last stopped, at the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and looked at her speechless but with an inspired gaze, she nodded to him smiling, and kissed him gently on the forehead. Then her father would tell her what he knew of the old masters, and she would not believe that the great sovereign in the kingdom of tones, Sebastian Bach, wore an odious long peruke, and that Master Handel took such quantities of snuff. She had imagined such grand apparitions in the magic kingdom of the world of sound quite otherwise, had painted for herself pleasant clear pictures, which her father then so cruelly destroyed. Almost every day the old cantor repeated the same stories, and Violetta listened with the same quiet attention, devotion one might almost say, as the first time, and not a feature of her amiable face showed a trace of weariness. But she, too, had also seen a famous composer, the happy Violetta, and that she never forgot for a moment: the people called him "Father Haydn." Violetta's father always called him "his King," and in the deepest depth of his heart glowed a reverence and love, of the power of which the soul of his child had no suspicion.

As a little girl, her father had once taken her with him to the great capital; there in a grand church she had heard some splendid music performed that they called the "Seasons." The child's soul was deeply impressed by the powerful masses of sound that streamed on her for the first time; and yet Violetta was so happy, so wonderfully moved. She dreamed of "Spring;" the glow of "Summer" breathed upon her; then the hunter's horns sounded cheerfully, and reminded her of "Autumn;" and as "Winter" came on, she clung ever closer to her father. He, however, hardly knew that his child was in the world. He sat by Violetta and listened half breathless, and his face with the large dark eyes was, as it were, bathed in happiness; he laughed and wept alternately. When all was over, he took his child by the hand, and, without speaking a syllable, pressed hastily out of the church. Outside stood many people, old and young, men and women, and in their

midst a slim elderly man, with a countenance like peace, and a pair of eyes like heaven. "Father Haydn!" resounded around. Violetta looked at him with shy reverence and streaming eyes; but Father Haydn had for every one a friendly word or a pressure of the hand and kind look; smiles, gentle cheerfulness, and humour moved continually on his lips, and in his open countenance. Then Violetta's father, too, pressed in his plain black dress through the thick circle, and had seized Haydn's hand before the latter was aware, and cried with half choking voice, "Thanks, Father Haydn!" And the master had pressed his hand, nodded and smiled to him. All this Violetta had seen; nevertheless, she had to listen to the story of the occurrence almost every day: it was the great event of her father's life. "If I were to see my King once more," he used sometimes to say, "I should die of joy. Believe me, dear child! when I held that blessed creative hand in mine, I felt as if my heart would burst!"

One day, when the linden trees and roses were in bloom, and the village had donned its gayest attire, it happened that Violetta sat in the garden and dreamed, as she sometimes used to do. Her father sat reading in the arbour. Suddenly a cheerful humming was heard from the garden fence, and over the thick hedge, just behind the neat Violetta, appeared a fresh, merry countenance that belonged to a slim young man. He seemed tired, and carried a little portfolio and a thick stick in his hand. He wore a small black hat; thick light-brown hair hung in disorder over his head, and on his shoulder sat a tame starling. "Dear, charming maiden, let me in," begged the stranger, and his blue eyes begged even more than his words. Without, however, waiting for any other answer than Violetta's smile, he sprang with a great bound over the hedge. The old cantor hurried up; Violetta laughed till the bright tears ran down her cheeks; but the young man had in this *salto mortale* lost his portfolio; note-books and pencils flew about; the starling cried "Misfortune on misfortune!" and chattered a crowd of Italian words all mixed together.

The bold leaper held out his hand to the cantor, and said, "Dear Papa, you see here a young music-student from Vienna, who has been running about all day to steal melodies from the dear little birds in the woods; but my go-between here"—and he pointed to the starling, who looked at him with knowing eyes—"has deceived me shamefully, eaten all my bread, and scared away the sweetest singers with his stupid chattering; so I earnestly beg you to modulate the minor tones of a sorrowful stomach into the bold key of *ent-major*!"*

The merry speech pleased the old cantor uncommonly. He forced his cheerful guest into the arbour, and Violetta brought fresh bread, delicious milk and butter, cherries, and fragrant strawberries. The young man enjoyed it all, and the starling too; they ate and drank, as if for a wager, man and bird; and both chattered, too, as if for a wager. Whenever the stranger made a joke, the starling repeated it; and between whiles he continually cried out, "Holla! Figaro, attention! Figaro, attention!"

In an hour the dwellers in the little white house were as intimate with their guest as if they had lived together for years, and the old cantor began already to tell something about the master Bach, to which he found a very attentive listener in the young music-student. At last the old man's heart went out so fully towards this child-like, happy, simple man, that he told him with an air full of secrecy, and as if he were uncovering to him the most valuable treasure, the story of the squeeze of the hand from Father

Haydn. Smiling and quietly the young man listened to his tale; when the old gentleman had finished, the other on his side related, with moist eyes and gently tremulous voice, how Father Haydn had even given him a kiss. But that the cantor would not quite believe, when at once the starling, as if possessed, cried out, "The truth! even were it a crime!" They took leave by the light of the moon and stars; then it first occurred to the true-hearted old man to ask after his guest's name.

"I am called Amadeus," he answered, "and will very often come again."

"Pray do," laughed the cantor, as he shook his hand; "then you shall see my collection of music, a real treasure, I can tell you!" Violetta gave the handsome Amadeus a splendid nosegay of roses. He kissed her for it as gently as a butterfly kisses a lovely flower; and the starling cried, "And so farewell; we go away, and come again another day!" So away they went. For a long while those who remained heard the pleasant duet of a merry man's and bird's voice.

(To be continued.)

Foreign Correspondence.

THE BONN FESTIVAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, Sept., 1871.

TO-DAY I can report little of note from our immediate circle, and therefore I turn at once to that splendid festival which took place on the 20th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of August at Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven, as a supplementary centenary festival of this greatest of all German composers. Originally the festival was intended for last year; it was, however, postponed. Who could have found in August, 1870, the rest of mind, the requisite mental concentration which must be the first and most important condition for the preparation of music performances of such a grand nature as those just brought to hearing at Bonn?

That the festival was unique of its kind, that the most wonderful and most difficult creations of Beethoven were performed so brilliantly as, perhaps, never before, we have to thank before all the experienced care and the restless industry of Messrs. Hiller and Von Wasielewsky, who were entrusted with the management. The combination of the different performers—chorus, orchestra, and soli—was a fortunate one in every respect. As regards the chorus, the choral societies of the neighbouring towns were not invited *in corpore*, as had been done at the former Rhenish music festivals; but only the best and cleverest singers of the Choirs of the Rhineland, which are known for excellence, were selected with care. They formed, together with the choral society at Bonn, which is under the direction of Herr von Wasielewsky, a chorus of about one hundred soprano, ninety alto, seventy tenor, and ninety bass voices.

Rarely or never did a better-trained choir—composed of none but excellent voices—surmount more victoriously and brilliantly the difficulties of the *Missa Solennis*, the 9th Symphony, and the fantasia with chorus, nor bring them out clearer, more correctly and with more devotion than was done on this occasion. If we only mention the names of the solo vocal quartett, we need scarcely add a word of praise. Artists of the first class like Frau Otto-Alvsleben (soprano), Frau Amalie Joachim (alto), Herr Vogl from Munich (tenor), and Schulze from Hamburg (bass), will give also to those who have not been fortunate

* An imperfect attempt to render in English an almost untranslatable German pun. The original is "in ein kräftiges Ess-dur auflösen"—Tr.

enough to be present at the festival in Bonn, the completest guarantee for the most reverent and expressive interpretation of the difficult parts they had to render.

The orchestra, too, consisted of 111 artists, such as have also never met together in such number and excellence for united performance. At the head of the first violins stood Herren Strauss (from London) and Königslöw (from Cologne). The remaining first violins were in the hands of none but excellent leaders—not so-called leaders, but such men as have acted in that capacity year after year, in the best orchestras of Germany. It would lead us too far here to give our readers all the excellent names, some of them highly famed, of which this select orchestra was composed. We will, therefore, only briefly mention that there were thirty-eight violins, fourteen tenors, and fourteen violoncellos, to which twelve basses formed a foundation. Flutes, oboes, clarionets, bassoons, and horns were doubled. The greater part of these performers on wind instruments belong to the Hanoverian Orchestra, and formed an *ensemble* which left nothing to be desired as regards purity of intonation, fullness and satisfactory quality of sound, accuracy, and brilliancy.

The first concert brought the *Missa Solennis* and the 5th Symphony by Beethoven. There is here no space to go into details on these two works. Only one thing we will mention, that a happier choice could not have been made than the combination of these two giant productions. The variety of ideas, of contents, and style of both works, produced in totally different creative periods of Beethoven, made it possible that the listener, notwithstanding the emotions which hearing the *Missa Solennis* excited, was still able to appreciate the everlasting beauties of the 5th minor symphony.

The programme of the second concert brought first the great *Leonore* overture (No. 3), in which the entry of the first violins, contrary to the direction given in the score by Beethoven, was played by all the first violins with a truly admirable precision and brilliancy. Then followed the march and chorus from the *Ruins of Athens*. The gem of the evening was Beethoven's violin concerto, rendered by Joachim. We abstain from every further enthusiastic remark about this wonderful revelation of Beethoven's creation by Joachim. Words are, indeed, not sufficient to characterise the impression which the educated hearer received. The fantasia with chorus which followed cannot be called in every respect a successful one. Herr Hallé from London had taken the piano part, and if we duly recognise on the one hand the clear mechanism of this virtuoso, we cannot at all agree with the interpretation both of his part of the fantasia, and also of the concerto in E flat which he played on the following day. The piano from Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, in London, showed itself of insufficient power and fullness of tone for the room, which, it is true, was very large. The *Eroica* Symphony, which formed the close of the second concert, was played excellently.

The opening number of the third concert was the *Coriolan* overture, followed by the "Elegische Gesang," Op. 118, for solo quartett, with accompaniment of string instruments. After the E flat concerto, played by Herr Hallé, came the air, "Ah perfido" (transposed a note lower), sung by Frau Amalie Joachim, with wonderful pathos. The *Egmont* overture closed this part of the concert, which brought as finale the 9th Symphony, in a manner elevated beyond every praise.

Lastly, the fourth day brought chamber-music of Beethoven, namely, the two string quartetts in F minor (Op. 95) and C major (Op. 59), played by Herren Joachim (first violin), von Königslöw (second violin), Strauss (tenor), and Grützmacher (violincello). The names of

these distinguished quartett-players relieve us from the necessity of expressing any praise. The quartetts formed the commencement and the finish of the concert. After the first quartett, Herr Vogl sang the "Adelaide," then Hiller and Grützmacher played the sonata for piano and violincello (Op. 69). These excellent performances were followed by the songs, "Wonne der Wehmuth" and "Kennst du das Land," rendered splendidly by Frau Joachim.

To those who were fortunate enough to be present at the Bonn Festival, the remembrance of all the high enjoyments will always remain. For us nothing is left but to express our hearty, deeply-felt thanks to those who, with never-tiring industry, with noble inspiration and full devotion, have assisted at these concerts.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, 16th Sept.

THE Opera has been very active since my last report. The most interest was aroused by the *gastspiel* of Herr Betz from the Hoftheater of Berlin. He began with the rôle of Telramund in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and had a highly favourable reception. His voice, a veritable baritone, is clear, sonorous, and flexible; the interpretation according to the modern school, every word distinct; besides this, Herr Betz proves himself an excellent actor of the highest intelligence. He was called for many times, and the whole opera went with spirit, under the conductorship of Herr Herbeck. Not so well as on his first evening was the reception of Betz in the next rôles as Wolfram (*Tannhäuser*) and Don Juan, the singing being too luscious and, especially as Don Juan, wanting fire, verve, and dramatic power. This was missed still more in the rôle of Nelusco, which was represented by Herr Beck more demon-like. In contrast to this, Betz's farewell as Hans Sachs in Wagner's *Meistersinger* has been a master-work. All the pre-eminences of the intelligent singer were united here as in a burning-reflector. Betz sang this part as it was written; yet the opera as a whole suffered under it, as the cuts in the work were judicious, the opera being too long. Herr Betz repeated the rôle on the 3rd September, and was applauded and honoured in every way. Fraulein Bosse sang, as *gast*, Elsa in *Lohengrin* with tolerable effect; likewise Eva in the *Meistersinger*. On the second evening Eva was represented, for the first time and with great success, by Frau Dustmann, the rôle never having been given here with so much zeal and finish. The house, being full in the extreme, took a great interest in the performance, which again Herbeck conducted with energy and skill. Another *gastspiel* has just been finished. Mdlle. Murska, having performed Lucia and Lady Harriet (*Martha*), has taken leave yesterday as Marguerite of Valois (*Huguenots*). She returns to England, coming back in winter. Boieldieu's *Weisse Frau*, not represented since February, 1868, was performed for the first time in the new Opera-house. This fine opera has many lovers who longed for it. Herr Walter, Draxler, Frau Dustmann, Gindele were known from formerly. Dickson and Jenny found a new and excellent representation by Herr Tirk and Mdle. Hauck. In *Rienzi* Mdle. Ehnn has resumed her former part, the rôle of Adriano. Fraulein von Rabatinsky, who on the first representation of that opera met with an accident, is still suffering, which is a great loss, she being the sole Fioritura-singer of our stage. *Fidelio* has been performed, the first time since the Beethoven Festival; *Leonore* represented by Frau Dustmann. Besides the operas named, there were per-

formed since the 15th of August—*Fra Diavolo*, *Postillion*, *Schwarze Domino*, *Troubadour*, *Afrikanerin*, *Romeo und Juliet*, *Norma*, *Faust*, *Judin*. The new ballet *Fantasia*, by Paul Taglioni, surpasses in splendour and magnificence all the former in the brilliancy of its ballets. The costs are said to have reached the sum of 100,000 florins. Animals of all kinds are there to be seen—a good lesson for children of every age. Machinery, decorations, costumes make a constant attack on the nerves of the spectator, the force of the piece lying more in the ensembles than in solos. The music, by Hertel, is of the better kind.

The Theater an der Wien takes constantly its turns with the operettas *Banditen*, *Grossherzogin*, *Doctor Faust Junior*, *Rajah von Mysore*, *Blaubart*, *Indigo*. Fräulein Geisteringer has resumed her activity as directress, actress, and singer. *Blaubart* (the 140th representation) was for the benefit of Offenbach; *Indigo* (now produced forty times), for the benefit of Strauss. Fräulein Bertha Olma, who was a member of the Italian Opera in Covent Garden last season, is now engaged as operetta-singer.

The Vaudeville Theatre, formerly the concert-room of the Musikverein, has now changed into a "Strampfer-theater." Herr Strampfer, who has quite rebuilt the whole interior of the house, and embellished and enlarged the room, opened the theatre on the 12th of September with three little pieces—a drama (*Die Arbeiter*, by Hugo Müller), a lustspiel (*Eva im Paradies*, by Weihe), and an operetta (*Dorothea*, by Offenbach). The operetta pleased very much, and two representatives, Herr Lebrecht, a baritone, and Herr Schweighofer, an exquisite spietenor, found a very good reception. The new theatre, situated in the midst of the inner town, has 28 boxes, 600 pit-seats, and two galleries. The prices are rather high. It is to be hoped that the director will be as fortunate as in his former place as director of the Theater an der Wien, for the new enterprise has cost him a good deal of money. It is the sixth theatre which Vienna offers its inhabitants; a seventh, the Stadt-theater, built by Dr. Laube, it is said will be finished next year.

In the course of the winter we shall have three concerts by Hans von Bülow, and two by Richard Wagner. Anton Rubinstein, now director of the concerts of the Musikverein and its Singverein, will conduct some interesting compositions, as the "Pope Marcelli" mass, by Palestrina; the cantata "Eine feste Burg," by Sebastian Bach; the double-chorus "Heilig," by Emmanuel Bach; the new oratorio *Christus*, by Liszt; and the *Verlorene Paradies*, by Rubinstein—quite enough to make the season as interesting as any of its predecessors.

Reviews.

The Works of G. F. HANDEL, printed for the German Handel Society, 11th year. Parts 32-34. Leipzig.

THE most recent numbers of this superb edition of Handel's works—the most complete and correct ever yet issued—contain some features of special interest. They comprise the twelve Italian Duets, commonly called the "Chamber Duets," and the trios usually published with them, which had been already edited by the now defunct English Handel Society, as well as by Dr. Arnold; the little-known oratorio, *Alexander Balus*, and a volume of anthems. The oratorio—which, like many of its companions, has been so long consigned to oblivion that we much doubt if it has been performed within the memory of any one living—contains nevertheless some of the old master's finest and most characteristic music. The opening chorus, "Flushed by conquest," is remarkable for breadth and boldness; and that which follows, "Ye happy nations round," besides being distinguished by its Oriental splendour, is noteworthy for its effects of the choral unison with full harmony in the orchestra.

The grand chorus, "O calumny!" (in the second part) may be compared to the well-known "Envy, eldest-born of hell" in *Saul*, or to the equally fine "Jealousy, infernal pest" from *Hercules*, while the fugues in the choruses "Sun, moon, and stars," and "Ye servants of the Eternal King," are admirable specimens of Handel's contrapuntal ability. As in most of his other oratorios, the airs, as a whole, are not equal in interest to the choruses; but while many are old-fashioned, and to our modern taste tedious, there are some gems (in what oratorio are there not?). Such are the bravura in the first part, "Mighty love now calls to arms," the pastoral song "Here amid the shady woods," deliciously accompanied by the strings *con sordini*, and (our own especial favourite) the simple and tranquil air near the end, "Convey me to some peaceful shore." One more song deserves mention, not only from its intrinsic beauty, but from the novelty of its accompaniment. This is the soprano air, "Hark! he strikes the golden lyre," which, besides being accompanied by the usual stringed instruments, has in addition parts for two violoncellos, two flutes, harp, mandoline, and organ obligato. It is very evident that the thinness of Handel's orchestration, of which complaints are so often made, was the result of systematic calculation, rather than of inability to handle large resources. He reserved his fuller orchestra for exceptional effects—a course which some of his successors might imitate with advantage.

The volume of anthems is even more interesting than the oratorio. It consists principally of works for a three-part chorus with orchestra, composed for the Duke of Chandos. No less than four pieces in this volume are printed for the first time. Among these is an arrangement of the well-known "Jubilate," originally composed for a full chorus (mostly in five parts) with a large orchestra. It is here reduced for a three-part chorus and small orchestra; and the comparison of the two versions is full of interest to the student. In an arrangement of the anthem "As pants the hart" for a six-part chorus (one of the previously unpublished pieces), we find a point of special interest. We refer to the unison chorus for tenors and basses (p. 255), the single example, as far as we are aware, in Handel's works of a method of treatment frequently to be met with in Bach. We have here the old Lutheran choral, "Christ lag in Todesbanden," given out as a *canto fermo* by the chorus, and accompanied by a fugue on an entirely independent subject in the orchestra. Bach frequently employs the same device in his Church-cantatas, but we know of no other instance of it in Handel. The only fault to be found with this superb edition is that the pianoforte accompaniments are so unequal in merit. In some of the volumes they are very good; in others they are somewhat meagre and unsatisfactory. Still the series is a most interesting one; though at the present rate of progress it will probably be nearly, if not quite, twenty years before it is complete.

Musik zu Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," componirt von CARL REINECKE. Op. 102. Partitur. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

THE subject of William Tell offers, from its picturesque situations and surroundings, special attractions to the composer. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should be frequently chosen for musical illustration. Besides the two operas by Grétry and Rossini (as complete a contrast to one another, it may be remarked in passing, as could well be conceived) there are, we believe, several settings of various degrees of merit, by German musicians, of the incidental music to Schiller's play. Herr Reinecke's version, now under notice, is evidently designed for the theatre rather than for the concert-room. It consists of thirteen numbers, some of them—such as the *entr'actes*—considerably developed, while others, in accordance with the exigencies of the stage, are condensed into a few bars. The work, as a whole, like most others from its composer's pen, shows more talent than genius. It is admirably constructed, as might be expected from the known skill of its writer; and while some of the movements seem to us in reading slightly dry, others are very interesting, and would on the stage doubtless be thoroughly effective. The opening scene, "Es lüchelt der See" (in G, 9-8 time), is one of the best numbers; the melodies are fresh, and the orchestration charming. In character it recalls the delicious introduction to the first act of Rossini's opera, in which the situation is analogous, though in comparing the two we must give the palm to the Italian master. No. 4, the pastoral introduction to the third act, and No. 5, the song of Walther behind the scenes, with an accompaniment for two oboes and two horns, are also to be highly commended. The music of the bridal procession in the fourth act (No. 9), for a small wind band behind the scenes, is very melodious and pleasing. The work on the whole may be pronounced not unworthy of, though we do not know that it will add much to, its composer's well-earned reputation.

Deutscher Triumph-Marsch, für grosses Orchester, von CARL REINECKE. Op. 110. Partitur. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

A VIGOROUS march, constructed on a broad though somewhat commonplace subject, and instrumented with Herr Reinecke's usual felicity. It suffers, to our thinking, from want of contrast, being heavily scored, and with only one indication of piano, for two bars, from the beginning to the end of the piece. We cannot consider it by any means one of its author's most successful compositions.

Trio pour Piano, Violon, et Violoncelle, par FRÉDÉRIC KIEL. Op. 3. Leipzig: C. F. Peters.

Trio (A dur) für Piano, Violine, und Violoncell, von FRIEDRICH KIEL. Op. 22. Berlin: Simrock.

Trio für Piano, Violine, und Violoncell, von FRIEDRICH KIEL. Op. 33. Leipzig: C. F. Peters.

Drei Quartette (A moll, E dur, G dur) für Piano, Violine, Viola, und Violoncell, von FRIEDRICH KIEL. Ops. 43, 44, 50. Berlin: Simrock.

IN our last number we noticed some of Herr Kiel's larger works for chorus and orchestra. We here meet with him on a different part of the musical field, and can speak of him even more highly as a composer of chamber-music than as a writer for the church. He has not merely ideas of his own, but the power of developing them. Those who have opportunities for the practice of chamber-music, and who have exhausted the stores of the older masters, will thank us for calling attention to these works, which will well repay study. We find in them the same gradual development of their composer's powers which we observed in his sacred music; the quartets being as a whole superior to the trios. Herr Kiel writes exceedingly well for all his instruments; the pianoforte part, though not very easy, is nowhere ungrateful to the player. Perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting work is the third quartet, in G. The *Andante quasi Allegretto*, in B major, is constructed on a graceful and original subject; and the final *Presto* in C, though in its rhythm and general character recalling somewhat the *finale* of Beethoven's great sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3), is very vigorous and well sustained. The rondo of the quartet in E (Op. 44) is another movement which is especially good. Herr Kiel cannot, we think, be ranked among the "Musicians of the Future." In saying this, we of course mean nothing disparaging; but simply intend to imply that his works are distinguished by a clearness of form and absence of mysticism which are not invariably to be found in works of the modern German school. We shall look with interest for future compositions from his pen.

The Piano Works of F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. Edited by E. PAUER. Vol. I. London: Augener & Co.

WE have here another, and most welcome, addition to the beautiful octavo series of classical works which these publishers have been for some time, and are still, bringing out. The present volume—the first of this new edition—contains the whole of the published compositions of Mendelssohn for the piano with orchestral accompaniments. These are the two concertos in G minor and D minor, the *Capriccio Brillant* in B minor (Op. 22), the rondo in E flat, dedicated to Moscheles, and the *Serenade* and *Allegro Gioioso*. All these works are so well known as to render it superfluous to say a word in their recommendation; but we doubt not that many pianists who only know them by name will be glad of the opportunity of procuring them in this cheap, portable, and most beautifully printed edition. The *tutti* are throughout printed in smaller type than the solo passages—an advantage which the previously published copies of at least one work (the concerto in G minor) did not possess. The editing could not, it is almost needless to say, be in more careful and conscientious hands than those of Mr. Pauer.

Franz Schubert's Songs. Edited by E. PAUER. Book 4. Twenty-four Favourite Songs. London: Augener & Co.

TO the three favourite sets of Schubert's songs, the appearance of which has been previously noticed in these pages, a fourth has now been added, which contains so many of the best-known and most admired that it is likely, we imagine, to be the most popular of the series. Perhaps even more than the preceding books, it illustrates the wonderful versatility of its composer. Besides such popular favourites as the "Erl King," the "Wanderer," the "Praise of Tears," the "Young Nun," and the "Ave Maria," it contains several less frequently heard, but certainly not less beautiful. Such are the "Faith in Spring" (*Frühlingssänge*), the exquisite romance from *Rosamunda*, and the "Death and the Girl," the

theme of which is varied so finely in the composer's great quartet in D minor. We doubt, however, the advisability of including the well-known "Adieu" in the series; for, though found in some German editions, and published under Schubert's name, it is now generally admitted to be spurious. The English version is most ably adapted by Mr. H. Stevens, who has also translated the words of the previous books, as well as of the collections of Schumann's songs published by this firm. Mr. Stevens has fulfilled his task so admirably, that we cannot help wondering why he hides his light under a bushel, and does not allow his name to appear on the title-page. He certainly has no need to be ashamed of his workmanship! It is much to be hoped that the publishers will continue their series of these songs. Many of the very finest have never yet been done with English words; and the many singers who are unfamiliar with the German language would be only too happy to make their acquaintance. A most interesting volume might also be made of the larger ballads, &c., of which Schubert has left so many admirable specimens, but which are entirely unknown here except to the few enthusiasts who have in their libraries the complete collection of the composer's songs. Such are the "Viola" (which we are told was a special favourite with Beethoven), the "Erwartung," the "Elysium," the "Ritter Toggenburg," and others too numerous to name. Schubert and his publishers would be alike honoured by such a volume.

Eighteen Easy Organ Pieces, by Dr. CARL SEEGER, Op. 57; Twenty Easy Organ Pieces, by Dr. CARL SEEGER, Op. 58 (Offenbach: J. André), are short and simple preludes in the style of Rink, which are intended for divine service.

Fifteen Organ Preludes, by GEORG GOLTERMANN, Op. 64, is a very similar collection to the last. There is so little in such pieces, that it is nearly as difficult to review them as we should imagine it must be to write them.

Three Four-part Songs, by ALEX. S. COOPER—1. "Sweet Echo," 2. "O tranquil Eve," 3. "Cheerily, cheerily" (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.), are simple and flowing specimens of a class of composition at present very popular.

Songs illustrating the Intervals, by HENRY C. SPENCER (London: Augener & Co.), are very ingenious and pleasing. Though evidently intended as exercises, there is a good flow of natural melody about them, and they may be safely recommended for young pupils.

The Ikley Wells House Galop, by E. H. (London: Schott & Co.), contains on the title-page an engraving of what we suppose to be the house in question. The piece is very pretty without, and somewhat peculiar within.

Galop Militaire, pour Piano, par G. STEINER, Op. 19 (Offenbach: J. André), is a pretty and easy teaching-piece.

Frühes Leben, Impromptu für Pianoforte, von A. BLUMENSTENGEL (Offenbach: J. André), is more difficult, more original, and we think better than the last-named.

The Village Festival, Descriptive Piece for the Pianoforte, by BRINLEY RICHARDS (London: W. Morley).—When we find such indications on a piece as "Invitation to the Village Festival," "Village Band at a Distance," "Village Festival Waltz," and "Maypole Dance," we know pretty well what to expect; nor in this instance are we disappointed. For anything we can see to the contrary, the "Invitation" would have done just as well for the "Maypole Dance;" but that is a secondary consideration. The piece is in Mr. Richards' usual style, and little girls who are just beginning to learn the piano will be sure to be vastly delighted with it. We recommend it to their governesses.

Le Lac, Romance for Piano, by W. C. LEVEY (London: W. Morley), is a very graceful and elegant transcription of a melody by Niedermeyer, which presents no great difficulties to the performer, and if known is, we think, sure to be liked.

Why will composers persist in writing mazurkas? The form is a most difficult one in which to obtain any novelty. We have before us two—*Hyacinth and Narcissus*, by EDWARD W. BARBER (London: Duff & Stewart), and *Rose Buds*, by W. F. TAYLOR (London: W. Morley), both of which are so like scores of other mazurkas that we have met with, that it is really impossible to say anything fresh about them.

Marche Héroïque, Délire de Joie, Ariel's Flight, by EDOUARD DORN (London: Augener & Co.), are the latest productions of this clever and prolific writer, and are quite up to their composer's average—which is equivalent to saying that they are capably adapted for teaching, and pleasing to listen to.

Nocturne, pour Piano à quatre Mains, par JACQUES SCHMITT,

See
complaint
by W. F. T.
p. 147.

Op. 114 (Offenbach: J. André), can be recommended to teachers as a piece gracefully written, not difficult, and short.

Romance sans Paroles, pour le Piano, par CARL LAHMEYER, Op. 8 (London: Cramer, Wood, & Co.) is a piece of which the design is better than the execution. It is by no means destitute of merit, but the harmony in some parts needs revision, and gives an unfinished effect to the composition.

All thy works praise Thee, O Lord, Anthem for Harvest Thanksgiving, by IRVINE DEARNALEY (Manchester: Forsyth, Bros.), is a well-written composition, well suited for ordinary parish choirs, with whom it is likely to find favour.

Aveline, Ballad, by W. F. TAYLOR (London: W. Morley), is one of the "Christy Minstrel" ballads, and is in no perceptible respect different from hundreds of other songs of the same class; being pleasing, melodious, easy—and commonplace. It is likely to be quite as popular as many of its fellows.

Sing to me a merry lay, Song, by GEORGE LINLEY (London: W. Morley), is a pretty little sprightly melody, which makes no great demand on either singer or player. Though merely a trifle, it shows the hand of the musician.

The Daughter of Jephtha, Picturesque March (London: F. Pim an.)—The modesty of the composer of this piece has prevented his affixing his name to it, and thus has given no clue to his identity. We have merely to remark upon it, that if this is the kind of music with which Jephtha's daughter went out to meet her father, we are only surprised that, instead of giving her a month's grace, he did not order her for instant execution!

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Alsoop, J. "Sunshine and Shade," Song. (Newton Abbot: J. Chapple.)

Berger, F. "Serena," Song. (London: Metzler & Co.)

Berger, F. "Throned in the Stars," Barcarole. (London: Ollivier.)

Berger, F. "At Midnight," Song. (London: Ollivier.)

Chappell's Organ Journal, Nos. 9, 10. (London: Chappell & Co.)

Country Curate, A. Sanctus and Responses. (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

Dyer, W. F. "Baby, sleep," Lullaby. (Bristol: Dimoline.)

Gardner, C. Deux Morceaux Caractéristiques for the Pianoforte. (London: Lamborn, Cock, & Co.)

Gardner, C. "Fairlie Glen," Andante Pastorale for the Pianoforte. (London: Lamborn, Cock, & Co.)

Levey, W. C. "Boat Song" for the Piano. (London: W. Morley.)

Macfarren, G. A. "The Dear Old Home," Ballad. London: W. Morley.)

Sondermann, O. "Serenade," Song. (London: W. Czerny.)

Sondermann, O. "Violet," Song. (London: W. Czerny.)

Tours, B. "Huit Morceaux de Salon, pour Violon ou Violoncelle, avec Accompagnement de Piano." (London: W. Czerny.)

Wedmore, E. T. "The Round of Life," Song. (Bristol: W. Brunt & Sons.)

Concerts, &c.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE 148th annual festival of the Three Choirs took place at Gloucester, on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of last month. According to the usual custom at these meetings, the bâton was held by the organist of the cathedral in which the festival took place—on this occasion, Dr. S. S. Wesley—the organists of the neighbouring cathedrals, Mr. G. Townshend Smith of Hereford, and Mr. Done of Worcester, presiding at the organ and piano respectively. The principal vocalists were Madlle. Titiens, Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Miss H. R. Harrison, Madame Patey, Miss Martell; Messrs. Vernon Rigby, E. Lloyd, Bentham, Lewis Thomas, Brandon, and Signor Foli. The band comprised the principal London instrumentalists; and the chorus consisted of the members of the Three Choirs, augmented by singers from London, Birmingham, Bristol, and other places.

The festival commenced, as usual, with a special service in the cathedral, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Canon Tinling; after which, at one o'clock, the first of the musical performances was opened with Handel's well-known overture to *Esther*. To this suc-

ceeded the ever-welcome *Dettingen Te Deum*, the grand choruses of which were very satisfactorily given, while the solos received full justice at the hands of Miss Martell, and Messrs. E. Lloyd and Lewis Thomas. Mr. Harper's rendering of the important and difficult solos for the trumpet was, as usual, a special feature of the performance. The first part of the programme closed with Mendelssohn's hymn "Hear my prayer," for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra, the solo part being entrusted to Madame Cora de Wilhorst. A large selection from Handel's *Jephtha* (with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's clever additional accompaniments) constituted the second part of the performance. The principal solo parts were very finely sung by Madlle. Titiens, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli, the subordinate parts being efficiently filled by Miss Martell and Miss H. R. Harrison. The superb choruses contained in the work suffered considerably in places from want of sufficient rehearsal. The evening performance of the first day of the festival included the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*, and the greater part of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. Space will not allow us to enter into details; it is sufficient to say that the choruses were effectively given, while the solos, in such hands as those of the performers already named, left nothing to be desired.

Wednesday morning's performance was devoted to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—a work without which no country festival seems to be complete. The choruses, being much more familiar to the singers than those of *Jephtha*, went proportionately better. The soprano music was divided between Madame Cora de Wilhorst (for the first part) and Madlle. Titiens (for the second); the alto similarly between Miss Martell and Madame Patey; while Messrs. Bentham and Vernon Rigby shared the tenor solos between them, and the entire part of the Prophet was extremely well sung by Signor Foli, though lying in some passages almost too high for his voice. Of a work so well known it is needless to say more than that the entire performance was satisfactory.

On Wednesday evening, the first of the Miscellaneous Concerts in the Shire Hall took place. The first part of the programme was chiefly devoted to a performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with Mozart's additional accompaniments—considerable excisions (including that of the entire part of Damon) being made. The parts of Galatea, Acis, and Polyphemus were sustained respectively by Madlle. Titiens and Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas. The lady sang as finely as she invariably does; while Mr. Rigby gave especial effect to "Love sounds the alarm," and Mr. Thomas narrowly escaped an *encore* for his spirited rendering of "O ruddier than the cherry." The choruses were, on the whole, well sung, though the finest of all—"Wretched lovers"—suffered from being taken too fast. The principal feature of the second part of the concert was a selection from Weber's rarely-heard music to *Preciosa*. The overture and the Gipsy Chorus are familiar to concert-goers; but the remainder of the work, though containing some of its author's most characteristic thoughts, is seldom performed in public. Besides the charming ballet-music, and the various choruses, the selection comprised the lovely air, "Lo, the star of eve is glancing" ("Einsam bin ich nicht alleine"), sung by Miss Harrison.

The chief fault of the Thursday morning's performance was its excessive length. Besides Bach's grand *Passion according to Matthew*, it included Mr. Cusins' new oratorio *Gideon*, and a selection from Spohr's *Calvary*. The first-named work suffered inevitably under the conditions of its production, from the impossibility of the requisite number of rehearsals for music of such extreme difficulty. Still, making allowance for this, the performance was one that reflected great credit on the conductor, who deserves the thanks of all musicians for venturing to produce this too seldom heard masterpiece. The chorals were, according to the composer's intentions, accompanied by orchestra and organ; the grand one which concludes the first part—"O man, thy heavy sin lament"—not being omitted; as it was in recent performances in London. The solo parts were efficiently sung by Mesdames Cora de Wilhorst and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd, Brandon, and Signor Foli. Mr. Lloyd deserves special mention for his excellent rendering of the very trying recitatives allotted to the Evangelist.

Of Mr. Cusins' *Gideon* our space will not allow us to speak in detail; nor is this necessary, as we understand it will probably ere long be given in London, where it will doubtless be heard to greater advantage. Suffice it to say that, without displaying any special individuality of style, it is very effectively written both for soloists and chorus; the instrumentation is brilliant, and the work, as a whole, full of promise. The principal solo parts received full justice from Madlle. Titiens, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

The Thursday evening concert, in the Shire Hall, brought forward a large selection from Mozart's *Figaro* as the first part of the programme, the second part being miscellaneous. Among the pieces performed we can only specify the well-known "Jupiter".

symphony, and Mendelssohn's Rondo Brilliant in E flat, capitolly played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The festival was brought to a successful close by the performance of the *Messiah* in the cathedral, on Friday morning, in which all the principal singers took part.

A series of Promenade Concerts has been given at the Covent Garden Theatre during the past month, under the direction of M. Rivière. As they have in no essential respect differed from the similar entertainments in preceding years, and have no special points of artistic interest, it is unnecessary to do more than mention them. "Classical" evenings, in which the first part of the programme has been selected from the works of Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c., and selections of sacred music, have diversified the entertainments. For the higher class of music, Mr. Arthur Sullivan has officiated as conductor.

The Organ performances, by distinguished foreign organists and Mr. Best, have been continued at the Albert Hall during the past month. The Continental players who have appeared have been M. Saint Saens, from Paris; Herr Lindemann, the Norwegian organist (whose whole week's programmes included only one name—his own!); Herr Lux, from Hesse; Herr Tod, from Würtemberg; and Herr Henrici, from Baden. It has been suggested to us that it would be very interesting to organists if we would publish the programmes of the recitals. We should have been most happy to do so, but our space will not allow it. Those who wish, however, to obtain them, will find them complete in the columns of our excellent contemporary, the *Choir*.

Musical Notes.

THE Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace were resumed on the 30th inst. We shall give particulars in our next number.

We understand that the adoption of the French diapason at the Royal Italian Opera next season has been definitely resolved upon, and that the players will be required to provide themselves with instruments of the altered pitch.

At St. James's Hall, on the 11th ult., Mr. Santley gave a farewell concert—the programme consisting chiefly of ballads, &c.—previous to his departure for America.

MR. RIDLEY PRENTICE, whose Classical Concerts at Brixton last season will be remembered by many of our readers as being specially interesting, has just issued his programme of the coming series. Among the novelties and revivals promised are a prelude, fugue, toccata, and berceuse for the piano, by F. W. Hird; Hummel's duet-sonata in A flat (one of its composer's finest works, though seldom heard in public); a sonata by Paradis; Prout's pianoforte quartet in C; Rubinstein's sonata in A minor for piano and violin; and Silas's quintet for piano, concertina, violin, viola, and violoncello.

MR. HORTON C. ALLISON has just completed the composition of a new oratorio, entitled *Prayer*, the words of which are taken from St. Matthew's Gospel.

JULIUS STERN, the well-known conductor of the Symphony Concerts at Berlin, has resigned his post in consequence of ill-health.

LISZT has just completed the composition of his new oratorio, *Christus*, which consists of three parts and fourteen subdivisions—"Characterbilder," as their author entitles them. These are—1. Introduction; 2. Pastorale, and Annunciation by the Angels; 3. "Stabat Mater Speciosa;" 4. Song of the Shepherds at the Manger; 5. The Wise Men of the East; 6. The Beatitudes; 7. Pater Noster; 8. The Founding of the Church; 9. The Storm on the Lake; 10. The Entry into Jerusalem; 11. "Tristis est Anima Mea;" 12. "Stabat Mater Dolorosa;" 13. Easter Hymn; 14. "Christ ist Erstanden." Our Vienna Correspondent informs us that the work will be produced in that city under the direction of Rubinstein.

MAX BRUCH's new opera, *Hermione*, founded on Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, will shortly be produced at Leipzig.

THE Leipzig *Signal* tells a good story about the recent Beethoven Festival at Bonn. The housemaid of a well-known professor there came to her mistress while the Festival was in progress, and said, "Please excuse my asking a question. Cook and I have been disputing about who Beethoven was: I maintain that he was the

inventor of railways, and that is why the Festival is held." On her mistress explaining to her that Beethoven was the greatest of musicians, she answered, "Well, at all events, I am glad that cook was wrong too; for she declared that he was a great general!"

Organ Appointment.—Mr. T. Stodart Beswick, to Holy Trinity Church, Bingley, Leeds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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